Numb. 94.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?

From Wednesday February 15, to Friday February 17, 1710.

Emilia's Day.

IT has been the unhappy Custom of the generality of Mankind, from the beginning of the World to this Ingenious Year, wholly to neglect Reproof, complain against or make an ill use of it; 'tis what has been the Method of all Readers and the Fate of all Writers, the Practice Time out of Mind of the Inhabitants of this Isle of *Great Britain*: Nor shou'd the vainest Author flatter himself with better Success, for whether he give Ease to his Spleen, the Polite or the familiar Way, 'tis Ten Thousand to One but he spreads the Vice he wou'd seem to Correct. What led me into this Reflection was a Letter I received this Morning from a Relation of mine, a Vintner at *Norwich*, which to strengthen what I have offer'd I shall Communicate.

Dear Cozen,

'I Beg you wou'd send me one of them Papers relating to *Wine*, put out by *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; I am 'inform'd there are many good Hints in it proper for 'our Calling. I endeavour'd to get one as soon as 'I heard on't, but they were all bought up by the 'Sons of *Bacchus*, with the same Intentions I suppose as my own. We have our *Wines* from the adjacent Ports, and live in that Simplicity of Art, 'that we have not dar'd to Mix for fear of Spoiling. 'Now I am in hopes from this Gentleman's Discoveries, to pick out a Receipt for my Purpose. Pray 'answer this the first Opportunity, and you will 'mightily oblige your Affectionate Kinsman,

C. D.

This is the way of the World, and my Poor *Cozen* is but one of the Multitude that Taught to Know, is willing to joyn in the Secret Misteries of Gain; therefore Silence on such a Theme is Commendable indeed. Whilst theCountry is endeavouring to imitate the Skill of the Town, our Corporation of *Vintners* here are preparing to present the Publick with an account of the Materials and Qualities of other Liquors; it being held a tollerable Vindication of our own Actions, to produce Examples of worse. The *Salt*, *Cyndars*, *Urine* and *Lime* that are employ'd in Ale, according as it is to be dated from *Burton*, *Derby*, *York* or *Hull*, &c. the unwholesome Dregs and coroding Spirits that are sold under the Titles of *Cordials* from *France*, *Ireland*, *Spain* or *Italy*, as the Distiller shall find pretence to Name them; the sophisticated *Punch*, the Damag'd *Tea*, and many other Inspirers, which will be treated on at large in this Work, cannot fail of confirming their Interest, and even bringing back the Few that have deserted on this false Alarm. In the mean time I shall advise my *Cozen* to keep to his Eggs and Isinglass, Things altogether strengthing and refreshing, and if his Heart is set on Money, let him Seal it up in Bottles with a *Dutch* Impression, give it a hard Name, and Sell it at an extravagant Price, and he shall find it stand him in more stead than any Invention to the Prejudice of Health. Here I was interrupted by *Lucinda*, who is the happiest Creature I know without exception: She feels all the Pleasure of Prosperity without the Pride, has Youth, free from Levity, Beauty without Affectation, and Wit unmix'd with Ill-Nature; Love is her Diversion, and Poetry her Amusements, of which she had brought me a Taste. Now when some take the Priviledge to Entertain you with whole Columns of what you have Read in another Place, I hope you will indulge me in a Liberty I'm fond of, and give me leave to insert what you have never seen, tho' it be none of my own. *Lucinda* pleases herself with the abstracted Notion of Platonick Love, and on this Supposition ventures to Correspond with a Youth, who has Discretion enough to be of the same Opinion. After many agreeable Billets in Prose he sent this, dated from the *Exchange*, from Business and Interruption.

STREPHON to LUCINDA.

Amidst th' Noise and Hurry of the World,
Confus'd and Round Life's endless Mazes Whirl'd,
Of gentle Ease debar'd, and all the Sweet
Enjoyments of a more Divine Retreat,
How can the Oppress, neglected Muse *aspire,*
With pleasing Strains to strike the Sacred Lyre:
No Verdant Vales, no Shady Groves appear,
No warbling Birds, nor Oaten Reeds are here,
No Sights to Bless the Eye, *nor Sounds to Charm the* Ear.
No Flowry Banks where Glides a Purling Stream,
Delightful Emblem of our Darling Theme:
How can I Sing of Love, and of the Joys
Thence flowing Endless, mix'd with no Alloys;
Ambrosial, Ravishing and all Refin'd
Off-spring Illustrious of the Heavenly Mind:
'Twas Love that first dispell'd the hideous Night,
Of hateful Chaos, *spreading Joyous Light.*
Here restless Atoms dulionsly strove,
There wild Disorder did in Triumph move,
Till those were guided, this subdued by Love.
Then Beauteous Nature show'd her blooming Face.
And smiling Rose with every perfect Grace;

To this Blest Power alone it is, the High
Tun'd Notes of Angels owe their Melody;
The Noble Ardours of Seraphick Fire,
Which glow Celestial and can ne'er expire.
And all the Pleasures which we here below
Serenely Taste, from the same Centre flow:
But O! how great this Subject, how Sublime,
Methinks some dreadful Precipice I Climb
With Waxen Wings; so Icarus *essay'd*
To leave the Earth and the Azure Skies invade;
Unskill'd to manage his Audacious Flight,
Soaring Aloft, too near Refulgent Light;
Darted by Phœbus from his awful Beams,
Unplum'd he fell, lost in Remorseless Streams,
Warn'd by his Fate, permit my groveling Muse
In humble Silence to Retreat or Chase.
Some lower Course, and this bold Thought decline,
Whilst to Lucinda *I the Task resign,*
A Charming Syren *She in ev'ry Line.*
Lucinda, *Tuneful, Sound, Auspicious Name,*
Given the Fair One, when the Brightest Flame
From her difus'd, transfix'd my wondering Heart,
And something more than Humane did impart:
Her Soft, Unforc'd Harmonious Numbers *prove,*
She only knows to Sing of Spotless Love.

P. S. 'At your Command I have ventur'd on the 'forbidden Ground of *Parnassus*, forbidden to all who 'refuse to Worship the Goddess *Fame*, and renounce 'their Claim to Interest and Wealth; but if ever the '*Muses* catch me wondering there again, I'll give 'em 'Leave to secure me for Life, and punish me as severe-'ly as they have *D'——fey* or *S——* They like me un-'known, and uninvited intruded among the won-'dering Goddesses, who angry as *Diana* with *Acteon*, 'bid them live wretched Examples of their Daring 'Folly. To forbear Metaphor, I think the Town and 'Business sufficient to guard me from Poetry, a Re-'tired Life and perfect Leisure being requir'd to pro-'duce any thing good of that kind: Therefore expect 'to hear from me no more in Rhime, but in dull City 'Prose I shall endeavour to express how much I am 'yours, &c.

LUCINDA to STREPHON.

Come gentle Muse, *kind Charmer come away,*
I want thy Aid and can no longer stay;
With Powerful Thoughts thy Votery inspire,
And Strike with pleasing Force the trembling Lyre;
Throw by thy Negligence, thy Sloathful Ease,
And know 'tis now of Moment grown to Please:
'Tis thy own Cause, tho' it Concerns my Care,
As this succeeds, both Triumph or Dispair.
Strephon, *a Youth, of an excelling Mind,*
For early Wreaths and endless Fame design'd;
Unwilling does thy Influence Obey,
And from thy fond Regard would gladly stray;
Cold and averse, he at thy Alter Bows,
And to thy Mysteries small Faith allows:
In Barren Desarts, far from Humane Race,
Believes thy Temple had its Ancient Place,
That still thou art confin'd to Lonely Glades,
To Silent Grots and unfrequented Shades,
In Cities rarely found; there Interest Reigns
And frowning drives her back to Native Plains;
Bright Muse, *what Power below can give thee Fear,*
A Queen thou art, thy Empire every where.
Haste then! begin the Sweet Melodious Strain,
And show thy Strephon *he resists in vain,*
'Tis Verse alone the wrangling World can Charm,
Can all our Cares beguile and all our Age Disarm.
Awakes the Soul, and does our Joys improve,
Does every Sigh suppress, and every Grief remove.
'Tis Sacred Verse alone, whose ready Skill
Instructs the Ignorant, and Reforms the Ill;
Raises the grov'ling Mind, Humbles the Vain,
Fires the Unactive, does the Rash Restrain.
Can Cowards teach to imitate the Brave,
Misers to give and Prodigal to save.
When Magick Numbers Wound the ravish'd Ear,
Silent we wait and cou'd for ever hear;
Even Envy and Revenge forget their Ire,
Crush their own Snakes, and Listning expire.
'Tis powerful Verse alone, whose Friendly Art
Can heal the anguish of a bleeding Heart,
Relieve the aking Brain, the tortur'd Breast,
And lull the Raving Lunatick to Rest.
Apollo *calls thee, hearken and obey,*
Wisely submit to his Auspicious Sway,
And cheerful and resolv'd thy grateful Tribute Pay.

†‡† *For the Improvement and Safety of all Noble Diversions, 'tis order'd by* Momus, *that for the future no Person shall be admitted to his Rights, that prefers Fighting before Sleeping, no Cholorick that cannot be prevail'd upon to withdraw peaceable at Six in the Morning, least what was design'd in Jest should conclude in Earnest, and a Dance end a Duel.*

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THis Day continues the Sale of a Catalogue of Italian and Dutch Pictures, by the most Famous Masters of the World; being the Entire Collection of a Gentleman's Deceas'd, will be Sold by Auction, at Joe's Bluecoat Coffee House in Swithins Alley near the Royal Exchange. The Sale begins at 5 in the Afternoon: The Pictures are ready for view, and Catalogues will be delivered, at Toms Coffee-House in little Eastcheap, and at the Place of Sale.

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†‡† A Brief Account of the Woolen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandestine Exportation of Wool from Ireland to France, To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court in the Little Old baily, Pr. 1 s.

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‡ The Tomb of Venus, or a Plain and Certain Method by which all People that ever were infected with the Veneral Distemper, may infallibly know whether they are cured or not; with effectual Remedies to Eradicate all noxious Remainders, as well of the Medicines applied, as the Disease itself. By a Foreign Physician. Sold by Benj. Lintott, Bookseller at the Cross Keys between the Two Temple Gates in Fleet-street, Price 1 s.

THE Famous Chymical Quintissence of Bohee Tea and Cocoa Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Vertues of both Tea and Nut are essentially inherent, and is really a pleasant, refreshing Preparation, found upon experience, to be the highest Restorative that either Food or Physick affords; for by it all Consumptive Habits, Decays of Nature, inward Wastings, weakly thin, or emaciated Constitutions, Coughs, Asthma's, Pryficks, Loss of Appetite, &c. are to a Miracle retrieved, and the Body, Blood, and Spirits, powerfully corroborated and restored. A few Drops of it in a Dish of Bohee Tea or Chocolate, is the most desirable Breakfast or Supper, and outvies for Virtue and Nourishment, 20 Dishes of either without it, nothing being more nutritive and supporting. Likewise to strengthen the Back, prevent Miscarriages, cause Procreaion and Conception, it is beyond all Medicines, as those that once take it will find and scarce ever live without it. It is also the only sure Cure for Vapours and Melancholly; for those Diseases being occasioned by the Poorness of the Blood and Spirits, this Quintissence cures by its enriching and enlivening Properties. Is only sold at Mr Lauranets Toy-shop at the Sign of the Griffin, the corner of Bucklersbury in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with Printed Directions.

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